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INCORPORATED

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the following gentlemen as Democratic candidates for Congress in this, the Ninth District, at the State primary, August 5th, 1916:

HON. W. J. FIELDS, OF CARTER COUNTY
HON. J. W. RILEY, OF ROWAN COUNTY
HON. J. B. HILES, OF BRACKEN COUNTY
HON. H. C. DUFFY, OF HARRISON COUNTY

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR AND BUSINESS

For nearly a half century Presidential year has invariably been a year of business depression and business uncertainty, until this year. The Presidential election is less than four months away and instead of there being business depression there is more prosperity and hopefulness than has characterized any previous year of President Wilson's term. There is, of course, uncertainty as to the result. As it is impossible to conjecture what will happen in the next three months so it would be utterly futile and foolish to undertake to foreshadow results.

With this condition of politics how are we able to account for a condition of business prosperity which has never before existed in the Presidential year? We believe it can be answered in the splendid banking system that President Wilson and a Democratic Congress has given to the country. Before this system was established Wall Street dominated the finances of the country and as the candidate for President which the Street did not want to win appeared to be likely to succeed they depressed the markets in order to frighten the people away from his support. Two or three times in our recollection they have brought the country to the verge of a panic in the accomplishments of influencing the election. Wall Street has been shorn of this power and influence by the regional bank. There is no longer one center of money in the United States but twelve and they are all under the control of the government and not the speculators and the gamblers on the market. Prosperity is not checked and investments are not interrupted because the people know that under the Wilson banking system there can be no financial panic. Men in all parts of the United States engaged in all industrial and commercial pursuits know that they can get all the money they need to operate on according to their financial responsibility. This it is that makes the first Presidential election in fifty years one of uninterrupted prosperity not one of depression and uncertainty. As Sampson was shorn of his strength with his hair so Wall Street has been robbed of the power to control politics with and through the markets. The business world has Woodrow Wilson to thank for this and it is the very best reason in the world why the industrial and business people should vote for his re-election.—Elizabethtown News.

Mr. Thos. L. Walker, of the Republican State Campaign Committee, is frantically endeavoring to locate the colored laborers recently sent, in great numbers, north and east, by the Lexington Employment Bureau. Isn't it strange how solicitous the Republican party leaders get regarding the welfare of the colored brother along about election time? At all other times they think nearly as much of him as they do of smallpox.

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Ancient "Remedies."

Some of the sufferers from coughs and colds may feel disposed to try one of the remedies recommended by Pliny. These include wolf's liver dissolved in hot wine, honey mixed with the gall of a bear and powders made from rabbit skins and bullock's horns burned and pounded together. Should one's ills resist these simple remedies for a cough he might try wrapping any of his fingers in the skin of a freshly killed dog. Tree frogs, too, are excellent for all forms of catarrh. Place one in the mouth for a minute, and when he makes his escape the sufferer is cured. No harm is done to the frog. For a cold in the head Pliny prescribes a simple yet infallible remedy—three kisses on the mouth of a mule.

Peace Wave Swept Ancient Egypt.

Until Cambyes with his Persian myriads swept across defeated Khem, and Phoenicia and Greece, adopting her stored-up wisdom, added thereto the graces of a more artistic ornamentation and aggressive commercial enterprise, Egypt led all nations in the arts of peace and the accumulation of wealth by peaceful trade. And while it is true that individual enterprise was largely hampered by the royal control of foreign trade, it must be remembered that the king acted largely as a trustee, for his people and that the Egyptians under most of their sovereigns probably suffered less from plague and famine and were more justly ruled than most of their contemporaries.—"Nobility of the Trades—The Merchant," Charles Winslow Hall, in the National Magazine.



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STORY TELLERS OF JAPAN

Profession is an Old One, and its Members Are Looked Up To By All Classes of the People.

Quietly receding the day of the wandering minstrel in other lands, the professional story teller of Japan occupies a unique niche in the life of his country, and he has a character and an art all his own. It is a curious fact that one of the most accomplished story tellers in Tokyo is an Englishman who has lived in Japan all his life and speaks the language like a native. What are called the yose halls of Japan are probably relics of the oldest known form of public entertainment. Perhaps the strolling minstrel who recited or chanted tales of the heroes was older, for in Japan he developed into the yose halls with their hanashika. From remotest times great people in Japan had their clowns and story tellers, just as did Europeans; and in time the cities had their regular places where an audience might go to hear some national epic, a ballad or a comic story told. In rural Japan there are today still strolling story tellers who chant their tales to a roadside audience. These stories were of great variety, but they may be divided into rakugo, or humorous stories, and kodan, or heroic tales. The manner in which these are related differs widely also; some story tellers speak in loud and solemn voices, while others behave much like clowns, acting out the details of what they are telling. Those which resemble ballads are chanted to the accompaniment of the shamisen, a primitive instrument. These song stories are not all very old; some are based upon modern events of interest. Often the entertainment is relieved by the performance of a group of marionettes or by a juggling feat or two.

STREET CAR CAUSE OF DUST

Scientific Investigation Has Proved This Fact Seemingly Beyond All Possibility of Dispute.

Where does the dust come from? This question, which careful housekeepers ask themselves every day, has been scientifically answered by investigators of Harvard university.

They made measurements of the amount of dust in the air at 20 feet above the street in different places.

At the junction of streets, where the least dust was accumulated, the amount in the air would equal a daily deposit of 9 1/4 pounds to the acre. In another section as much as 50 pounds per acre would be the daily deposit.

It was found that the air in paved streets was, on the whole, somewhat dustier than that of unpaved streets, but the bad unpaved street was worse than the worst of the paved streets, so far as the amount of dust in the air was considered, by 25 per cent.

The effect of street car traffic was also considered by these investigators. It was estimated that streets with car lines have one-third more dust than streets without them, and the best of such streets are generally worse than the worst of the free streets. The extra amount of dust in the air of streets having street car lines consisted largely of fine particles of iron; the amount of sandlike dust, or silt, being about the same in both types of streets.

"Sound" Criticism.

The editor of the Merrytown Mail received a complimentary copy of a musical composition from a friend who desired a favorable criticism of his work. This is what appeared in the next issue:

"As the editor of this journal doesn't know a demi-semiquaver from a diaphanous or a bass clef from a 'high C,' he will not therefore be expected to give an extended notice of this production. We can say, however, that the type used in printing the composition is clear and plain, and that the paper appears to be of the best quality of rag. The design on the front page is most artistic, and the words are as tender as a real spring chicken and as poetic as the song of the meadow lark on a May morning. The melody is sound and all right. The harmony, too, appears to be strictly O. K., with no patent defects or noticeable blemishes. The tonality is clear and resonant, and rests on harmonic relations and melodic elements. This is about all the praise in connection with said composition we are able to evolve from our cabbage-flavored temperament."

Explained.

The fat and forty old lady had plied the conductor with so many questions that he was beginning to think that mother-in-law jokes had substantial foundation in fact.

"Can you tell me on what cars I can use these transfer tickets? They mix me up somewhat."

The conductor winked at another passenger, and replied:

"It's really very simple, madam. East of the junction by a west-bound car an exchange from an east-bound car is good only if the west-bound car is east of the junction formed by the said east-bound car. South of the junction formed by a north-bound car an exchange from a south-bound car is good south of the junction if the north-bound car was north of the junction at the time of issue, but only south of the junction going south if the south-bound car was going north at the time it was south of the junction. No difficulty at all, Ma'am."

By this time the old lady was speechless.

THE TRESPASSER

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Priscilla, as fresh as the morning, gripped the steering wheel of her roadster preparatory to turning a sharp curve in the road, when around the corner catapulted a small boy who shed apples as he ran, blouse, pockets and arms full to overflowing.

The look of terror in the fugitive's eyes went to Priscilla's heart. Involuntarily her foot went to the brake and her hand to the door. "Hop in!" she cried, and Dickie needed no second invitation, but tumbled in, apples and all, just as a man came around the corner brandishing a hastily procured switch.

As the little car whizzed past, he caught a glimpse of his enemy riding away to safety and peace beside the pretty representative of a family he had no reason whatever to love.

"What was he after you for?" queried Priscilla a little sternly.

"Why," answered Dickie, "I was going along the road and I got kinda hungry and I saw those trees in the orchard all full of apples and a good many on the ground, and I thought I'd eat one. But there was so many and I didn't know which one to take, so I thought I'd take several. Say, you're awfully nice to save me. Don't you want an apple?"

"No, thank you. But I'm going to take them all, little boy. You see, you didn't mean to steal, but you did, and after I take you home I'm going to take the apples back to Mr. Criswell."

Once in town, they sought the street upon which the culprit lived and Priscilla delivered him to his mother, and then with her cargo of stolen fruit she turned back to the farm.

"I rather wish," she said thoughtfully, "that it were anyone else but that old Mr. Criswell. He is likely to be very unpleasant. I wonder if Bob's at home?" The name brought a soft flush to her cheeks, but in the depths of her blue eyes lay the shadow of trouble. Her thoughts went back to the time when her father's farm joined the Criswells' and when she and Bob had gone to the district school together. They had been companions always, then sweethearts. But coal had been found on a strip of land between the two farms, a strip which both families had claimed to own for years. The coal had made a bad situation worse, and Bob and Priscilla were forbidden to speak to one another.

"I've brought back the apples the little boy took," said Priscilla to Mr. Criswell when he came to the door to answer her knock.

"You folks aren't always so particular about giving people what is justly theirs," remarked the old man acidly. Priscilla turned to go. Her silence merely infuriated the old man. "I just want to tell you," bawled he, "that if you ever write another letter to Bob I'll burn it, so you might as well save yourself the trouble. No wonder you can sport around in an automobile of your own, spending money that justly belongs to other people."

One day, a week later, Priscilla in her car was passing the Criswell farm when she picked up a passenger, in fact the same passenger who had been fleeing from Mr. Criswell's wrath a few days before. "Going my way, Dickie? Where have you been today?"

"Catchin' chubs down in Criswell's creek."

"The old man will get after you again for trespassing! What have you got there?"

"That! Oh, I guess it's coal. Say, the funniest thing. I almost forgot about it. While I was sittin' there on the bank above the creek two men came along and stopped. They didn't see me, but I could hear what they were talking about. One of them says, 'It's coal all right! An' the other one says, 'Yes, the vein runs over this way, too. You were right, Bill. All our diggin' ain't for nothin' now. Old Criswell musn't know a thing an' we'll buy his farm for a figure he can't refuse.'"

Priscilla turned her car. "Dickie, I saved you one day, now you do something for me, will you? I'm going to take you to Mr. Criswell and I want you to tell him all you told me."

So Priscilla and Dick drove back to the Criswells and Dick told his wonderful tale.

"Humph! These men are in the kitchen now," said the old man, "the sneakin' thieves. So, sonny, you say you can show me the place they've been diggin' and I've got really truly cool on my lan? Just wait! I'll tell them I have to have a week to think it over. Then I'll go with you to the spot. Miss Priscilla, if you and Bob care to go along, maybe you'd like to hunt him up. He's somewhere around the barn."

"Bob, oh, Bob, where are you?" called Priscilla blithely.

Bob stuck his head over the edge of the hay loft.

"Have I died and gone to heaven, or has the millennium come? It is really you, Priscilla, dear? What's happened?"

"Come down and I'll tell you," she laughed. Your father sent me to get you! I think the millennium has come."

Dickie's story proved to be true. Mr. Criswell made a fortune from his coal and he is now trying to make up for his gruff manner toward his pretty new daughter-in-law. And Dickie can have all the apples he wants.

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AUNTIE CONCILIATED

By CATHERINE CRANMER.

"Marian, are you actually engaged to that penniless young dreamer, Gerald Holmes?" Mrs. Martyn threw this question abruptly at her niece.

"Yes, Aunt Caroline," admitted Marian, with a smile, for, although fond of her worldly aunt, she was also amused at her sometimes. "But my decision wasn't based on pennies so much as on principles. It's making money the first consideration that makes so many marriages a failure."

"Dreaming, as usual," Mrs. Martyn shook her well-groomed gray head. "Still, I've hopes that you'll wake up before it's too late. Come with me to the seashore and make yourself agreeable to the men you meet there."

While Marian swam, golfed and flirted with the eligibles at the seashore in a way that misled her ambitious aunt, Gerald Holmes busily clicked away on his typewriter in a manufacturing section whose laborers produced the wealth which made it possible for the rich eligibles to live in luxurious idleness. Every day letters passed between Marian and Gerald and every letter contained a bit of description of the life around the writer. The contrasts were so striking that Gerald got the biggest plot idea he had ever had, and he sat day after day and sometimes until far into the night, working on his first novel.

"Kindling the World's Kinship" was the title of his book, which came out early in the fall, when the summer idlers were returning to the city. It was the story of a millionaire mine owner, who, when he went for the first time to inspect conditions in his mines in the hope of averting a strike, was overwhelmed with the responsibility resting upon him in providing the means of existence for that small world of workers. With the aid of a miner and his daughter, who proved a sort of prophet and prophetic for their people, the mine owner faced this responsibility so frankly and discharged it so fully that life afterwards meant infinitely more for him and for the laborers and their children than any of them had dreamed that life could mean. Gerald published the book over the name of "Gery Marlon," but covering the identity of both of them.

At Mrs. Martyn's first reception after her return to the city this book was a main topic of conversation. At Marian's request, Mrs. Martyn had invited Gerald to the reception, and he had the unusual experience of hearing his book criticized with absolute candor. He had the very uncomfortable experience, however, of seeing that John Morehead, one of the most distinguished-looking men present, was devoting himself to Marian and of seeing by Marian's manner that those attentions were not unwelcome. Gerald knew that Morehead was one of the many young married men whose marital infidelities had been aired in the newspapers, but in the midst of his anxiety over this unpleasant discovery Mrs. Martyn called him to her and presented him to Mrs. Morehead.

"Everybody's discussing 'Kindling the World's Kinship,'" began Mrs. Morehead, "and as you are a writer, perhaps you'll divulge some of the tricks of the trade. I'm not the one to say whether this book is good literature, but I know it has made me shudder at the thought of the amount of money thrown away on gewgaws by the few when it could be used to make life more worth living for a lot of people."

Gerald saw that the woman was intensely interested and that she was seeking to regain a normal outlook on life, but his interest in her suddenly ceased to exist as he saw Marian and John Morehead approaching them after a tete-a-tete over their ten.

"Mrs. Morehead," said Marian cordially, "this is the opportunity I've been hoping for, and I'm going to throw myself on the mercy of all three of you at the same time. To you, I have to confess an unfair, monopoly of your husband all through the afternoon; to your husband, I have to confess my responsibility for some of his identical speeches being put into the mouth of the hero of 'Kindling the World's Kinship,' and to Mr. Holmes, I must confess that I have allowed the authorship of his book to become known to Mr. Morehead as the last step in proving that it was not prompted by envy of the wealthy classes."

"Mr. Holmes, forgive me for suspecting that you could envy anybody," said John Morehead gallantly, "but until a few moments ago I didn't know you were Miss Martyn's fiancé. I congratulate you."

"But we must keep that authorship a secret among us for a while longer," said Marian, with a blush and a laugh, as she and Gerald started away from the Moreheads, for we don't want our honeymoon spoiled by enraged millionaires."

John Morehead looked into his wife's eyes and asked her if they couldn't take a little honeymoon trip to the Pennsylvania mountains where his mines were. The haughty head lowered a little, and he words that tried to form themselves on her trembling lips were less eloquent of her willingness than the glad brightness that shone through the tears in her eyes.

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Geologists say that Australia is one of the oldest existing lands.

FRAILTY OR FIDELITY?

By ELSIE SEE.

Abigail Thomas was seated in the visitor's gallery of the state senate one morning, and in her smartly tailored black silk suit and a flowered hat her fair beauty was even more pronounced than usual. The senate was discussing a bill for the control of public utilities by city governments, and Abigail's father had just concluded a speech in its favor.

While the interest was at its height, the heavy swinging doors of the senate chamber opened slowly and there entered a pale, sad-faced young woman who looked at the strange scene about her in a confused way.

As the woman slowly approached the brass rail which formed a semi-circle dividing the senatorial desks from the seat section for visitors, Abigail Thomas recognized her as Mamie Morton, who, as Mamie Ellis, had been her classmate in grammar school. Only a day or two before, Senator Thomas had spoken of the efforts Mamie was making to have her husband pardoned from state prison, and when Abigail saw her standing there she felt a desire to help her.

Perhaps the desire was made stronger because Abigail was beginning to feel remorseful about a quarrel she had had with Stanley Worth the night before. Stanley Worth was governor of the state and a suitor for Abigail's hand. After proposing to her four times in three months and being given a different reason each time for her refusal, he had told her that although he honestly loved her he would not longer furnish her opportunities for indulging her capriciousness.

Abigail's estimation of him went up many points upon this show of spirit, but a moment later it was consumed in the heat of her wrath, as he gave a semitragic quotation of "Frailty, thy name is woman." So the quarrel continued until Abigail said to herself that she would make him suffer for that contemptuous slander of her sex.

Mamie Morton approached the sergeant at arms and told him she must speak to Senator Thomas.

"I cannot promise that the governor has taken any action," said Senator Thomas in answer to her eager question. "Many matters of state claim his attention at this time, and he may not have had time to look into this."

"But sir," protested the woman, becoming bolder in her suspense, "it has been a whole week since the petitions from our citizens and the judge and jury who tried poor Henry were sent to his office. Henry is innocent, sir, and has already served a year in prison."

"I believe he is innocent," said the senator, "in spite of the circumstantial evidence indicating that he took the money from Jabe Ewing's cash drawer. I hope the governor will come to see it as I do. Come with me, and we will see what has been done."

"And let me go, too, won't you, dad?" asked Abigail, who surprised her father by joining them and greeting Mamie cordially.

When they reached the governor's suite of offices, Senator Thomas gave his card to a smiling secretary, who took it at once into the governor's private office and returned a moment later bidding the senator enter the gubernatorial presence. As they waited, Mamie told Abigail how everything pointed to Henry's innocence.

As the door of the inner office opened, Mamie stopped talking and started from her seat as Senator Thomas entered, followed by the governor. The governor handed Mamie Morton a long folded paper bearing the state seal.

"I am happy to give you this paper, Mrs. Morton," he said kindly. "When you present it to the warden of the prison he will give freedom to your husband."

Senator Thomas quickly guided Mamie to the door and out through the long corridors to the entrance of the building.

In the governor's office, Abigail turned and walked up to Stanley Worth in a way that made him wonder whether his good fortune was a dream. The smiling secretary had discreetly withdrawn to another room.

"Stanley, I came here partly to help that poor woman by being with her in her distress and partly to be present when you have to recognize that the name of one woman, at least, was not frailty. But do you know why I have remained?"

"No, I do not," he said, and his voice sounded queer and unnatural.

"I've remained to say that the fidelity shown by that woman has made me ashamed of what you called my frailty, and to say—" Abigail paused, and her lovely head went higher and her clear blue eyes looked fiercely into Stanley Worth's gray ones. "that if you're determined not to propose to me again, then I'll take advantage of leap year and propose to you."

The blissful expression brought to the governor's face by this startling confession was partially dimmed the next instant by the shadow of Senator Thomas re-entering the doorway, but he managed to whisper a reply, and the senator wondered what on earth it could be that Abigail had been asking of the governor which brought from him an impassioned assurance that an official confirmation of his decision would be given her at the earliest possible opportunity.

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